uzumaki

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Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
Gen

Fandom:
Dead Poets Society (1989)

Relationship:
Richard Cameron & Charlie Dalton

Characters:
Richard Cameron, Charlie Dalton, Todd Anderson

Additional Tags:
Hurt/Comfort, yay!! comfort!!, Chameron, sort of?? could be seen that way i suppose, not meant that way tho i do ship them, Self Confidence Issues, Self-Hatred, Paranoia, Anxiety, Social Anxiety, Disordered Eating, Thoughts of Self-harm, (more on those in the notes at the beginning), richard cameron needs a hug, Richard Cameron gets a hug, yay!!, uhh if i need to add smth comment it and i will idk im bad at this, Richard Cameron-centric, Sympathetic Richard Cameron, All the other poets are there, just mentioned

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by fixateddumbass

Summary

Cameron wishes they were friends.

Sometimes, it feels like they are. At the Dead Poets Society meetings, it's great! Most of the time, at least. Sometimes a jab will feel too personal, and he'll be even quieter than usual for the rest of the meeting.

That's what happened today.

No one noticed though.

No one ever noticed.

Notes

ok so cw for self harm and disordered eating, the eating isn't because of an eating disorder it's because of him isolating himself but the warning is there anyways. the self harm isn't even close to graphic itself just like a papercut but i'll mention it anyways bc i don't know i think i should?

“Oh, come on, Cameron, don’t you get anything?”

“So don't come, please!”

“Why don't you stay home?”

“I hated it!”

Charlie Dalton’s voice echoes constantly throughout Cameron’s head.

A lot of different things do.

Neil’s *“Seriously, Cameron? Read it again, put more effort into it!”*

Todd’s joking eye-roll after Cameron shared his story.

Meek’s *“You don't understand that? Come on, it's easy.”*

Pitts’ laughs at every rude comment made against him.

Knox’s *“Of course you don't get it, Cam! You aren't good with people, especially girls.”*

His own voice.

That one's the loudest.

He lays in bed at night, trying to ignore it. It doesn't work.

His cheeks are wet.

He looks over at Charlie peacefully sleeping in his bed. Charlie snores ever so softly, and it's one of Cameron’s favorite noises. He's an amazing guy.

Cameron wishes they were friends.

Sometimes, it feels like they are. At the Dead Poets Society meetings, it's great! Most of the time, at least. Sometimes a jab will feel too personal, and he'll be even quieter than usual for the rest of the meeting.

That's what happened today.

No one noticed though.

No one *ever* noticed.

Maybe it's not worth the effort. Maybe nothing is. They all hate him anyways.

Of course, they've never *said* that. But, who would openly admit to hating someone?

Other than Charlie. He *knows* Charlie hates him, that's a fact.

Cameron cries himself to sleep.

Again.

-

He wakes up the next morning, going through his typical routine. He moves a little slower, eats a little less at breakfast, but he's fine. It's all fine.

Charlie sits next to him.

Ok, maybe it *isn't* fine. He tenses up a bit. Charlie hates him.

He looks around at the table, Meeks, Pitts, Knox, Neil, Todd, Charlie, Stick, everyone. They all hate him. Why do they go through the effort of lying? Is it all some joke they're playing on him? He doesn't think it's funny.

A hand touches his shoulder, and he flinches, looking up.

It's Todd. What's with that concern on his face?

“Cameron? Are you okay?” He's whispering. Why is he asking?

“I- uh, I'm fine, why?”

“Your hands are shaking.” Two pairs of eyes look down to Cameron’s hands.

They are shaking.

He excuses himself from breakfast.

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Welton Academy is famous for its rigorous academics. Most kids who attend Welton hate that fact. But Cameron likes that it lets him focus just on school, blocking out all other thoughts.

He doesn't go to lunch. He tells Knox some half-assed excuse, something about wanting to study for the trig test. Is there a trig test? Probably not.

He hides in the library, reading some poetry. Sure, he isn't a good writer himself, but the poems they read in class really are good.

Lunch goes by fast.

He wonders if anyone missed him.

He doubts it.

-

The rest of his classes are fine, he gets a good work out during PE. He showers, and all the boys head to dinner.

He doesn't talk, quietly and slowly eating his food.

Everyone is laughing about something. Maybe it's him. Did he do something wrong again? All he's doing is eating.

Maybe he shouldn't eat? If everyone's laughing it has to be about something. It's gotta be him.

He sets his fork down, just staring at his plate.

If he looked up, he'd see the concerned glances the poets send to each other. But he doesn't see them, he stays in his bubble.

-

As the boys are leaving dinner, Charlie pulls Cameron aside, and the ginger's heart and mind start racing.

'He's gonna hit me- The poets are sick of me, this is how they're telling me- We can't be roommates anymore- I'm not enough- I failed out of school- They got caught and they're blaming it on me- They hate me-'

The thoughts overlap in his head until Charlie finally gets his attention.

"-meron! Dude, what's wrong?"

Why does he look so concerned? He doesn't care. Cameron knows he doesn't, he's made it clear.

“Nothing, Charlie, what do you need?”

It was probably something about homework. He needs help on an essay, and Meeks is too busy, or something about trig? Most likely.

“I just want to check up on you.”

Cameron would laugh if he weren't so confused.

“What?” His voice is soft.

“You- Todd said you were weird this morning, and then you weren't at lunch, and you barely ate just now, what's going on?”

Todd said he was weird?

“What? Uh, Charlie, I'm fine, just… tired.”

Charlie gives him a look. They both know that's not true, but Cameron stares back at him, praying silently he lets it go.

The brunette sighs. “Okay, but… you know you can talk to me, right?”

Cameron nods sharply, turning and quickly retreating to their dorm. His throat is tight.

-

He's lucky Charlie went off to the common room, or wherever he is.

Cameron sits at his desk, trying desperately to stop the tears. He doesn't even understand why he's crying.

God, if the others saw him like this…

They'd laugh at him, finally realizing how weak he is.

Something on his desk catches his eyes. A pair of scissors.

He doesn't know what possesses him as he takes them in his hand. He inspects the blades, running them across his thumb.

Suddenly, there's a small drop of red. It doesn't hurt at first, but then he feels a slight stinging.

Why is it so calming?

He stares at the drop of blood as it runs down his thumb.

For the first time today his mind is calm.

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The next day passes similarly. The only difference is that he tries to avoid the poets more.

He eats breakfast quickly, and skips lunch again.

It's fine until he gets to the showers.

He tries to lag behind, to be late for dinner, but there's one obstacle.

Charlie is waiting for him.

“Oh, uh- hey, Charlie.” He smiles softly. *Just act natural, Cameron.*

The other boy is leaning against the wall, staring unimpressed.

“Come on, Cameron. Out with it. You've been off today, too. I *know* something is wrong.”

“W- so, so what if something is wrong? What do you care?” He sighs, he just doesn't understand why Charlie is doing this.

What makes even less sense is how Charlie’s face falls at hearing that.

“Why wouldn't I care?”

“Do you?”

“You think I *don’t?* ”

He genuinely looks upset. That doesn't make sense at all. Why would he be hurt? Why is his chest so tight?

“Cameron? Are you okay?”

He jerks back, and he's breathing shallowly. He needs to get out of there, now.

Charlie’s calls for him fade into the background as Cameron runs to their room.

The other boy watches him, before he sighs and heads to dinner.

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Cameron’s exhausted as Charlie enters their room. He's sitting on his bed as the other boy sits across from him.

He’s so tired. He just needs to ask.

“Why do you hate me?” He almost whispers.

“What makes you think I do?”

Why is he acting like he doesn't? There's no way that Cameron could be wrong about this.

“I… I know you do. Don't you?”

“I don't hate you at all. Wh-where did you get that from?”

That makes him look up. His vision is a little blurry, but he needs to understand Charlie.

“You- you always… why are you lying?”

“Always what?”

“Make those- those ‘jokes,’ I know you mean them, I know you hate me, everyone *does*- ”

His voice cracks on the last word, and he quickly covers his face. This is mortifying. Charlie is seeing this, he'll hate him even mor-

A pair of arms pulls him close.

He doesn't know when Charlie got over to his bed, or sat down, but the hug somewhat grounds him.

He hugs him back tightly.

“Please don't hate me.”

“I don't, I swear.”

They stay there for a while, Charlie whispering in his ear, slowly comforting the boy.

As Charlie holds his friend, he starts to hear quiet snores come from him.

He lays him down, covering him with a blanket.

He softly wipes away Cameron’s tears.

Charlie sits there, reflecting on the way he's treated Cameron.

Somehow, he'll fix this. He'll help him however he can.

There’s a soft smile on Cameron’s face as he dreams.

Charlie smiles back.

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